HYPERDONTIA

by GHOST and Creep-P ft. v4 flower

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Pull 'em out and
And and
Wash 'em off, the memories
Tear 'em out and
And and
Make up for forgotten years

Pull 'em out and
And and
Wash 'em off, the memories
Tear 'em out and
And and and and and

And on the count of three, you need to get out
One, two, oh, you sure convinced me
I don't want the infection spreading
Oh my god, you're crying again

Say ah ah ah ah

Say that again, you know it doesn't matter
I've been choking for a while
Now tell me all about my selfish, fucked-up memories
Begging me to stay and watch as things get much, much more worse

Say ah ah ah ah
I'm 'bout to shut down
Ah ah ah ah
Under anesthesia
I can't feel the pain anymore
I'm pulling teeth for what seems like an eternity

On the count of three, you need to get out
One, two, oh, you sure convinced me
I don't want the infection spreading
Oh my god, you're crying again

Pull 'em out and
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Tear 'em out and
And and
Make up for forgotten years
Pull 'em out and
And and
Wash 'em off, the memories
Tear 'em out and
And and
Make up for forgotten years

Over and over, again again

Flashbulb memories like surgical lights
When all this is over, I swear, I swear
I'll open my mouth and scream louder than before

Say ah ah ah ah!
I'm 'bout to shut down under anesthesia
I can't feel the pain anymore
I'm pulling teeth for what seems like an eternity

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Tear 'em out and
And and
Make up for forgotten years
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Tear 'em out and
And and and and and and

And on the count of three, you need to get out
One, two, oh, you sure convinced me
I don't want the infection spreading
Oh my god, you're crying again
Pull 'em out
Tear 'em out
Pull 'em out
Tear 'em out

Your hands in my mouth
One, two, one, two
They never came out
Oh, your hands in my mouth
One, two, one, two
THEY NEVER CAME OUT

I realize, before my eyes
A situation irreversible
And my demise is unavoidable
There's gotta be something more
Just tell me now, it's over now
Be honest now, I don't mind
Just tell me now, it's over now
Be honest now, I don't mind

Your hands in my mouth
One, two, one, two
They never came out
Your hands in my mouth
One, two, one, two
They never came out

And on the count of three, you need to get out
One, two, oh, you sure convinced me
I don't want the infection spreading

Oh my god, you're laughing again

And on the count of three, I need to get out
Two, three, oh, there's nothing left here
I don't want my infection spreading
Oh my god, I'm crying again

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Wash 'em off, the memories
Tear 'em out and
And and
Make up for forgotten years
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